

Crittenden Record-Press

No. 14

Marion, Crittenden County Kentucky, Thursday Morning, Oct. 18 1917

Vol. XXXX

THE LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

LIBERTY BONDS GIVEN AWAY

Boys And Girls Who Got The Money For Best Cows, Calves And Products

Calumet Baking Powder Company To Give Away \$10,000 In Liberty Bonds

The Premiums given to the Crittenden County Boys Calf Club by the Commercial Club of Marion, composed of the leading and representative firms here, were substantial and worth contesting for. We were delayed in getting this list but published it as soon as we could get it.

The winners and the amounts won by each follows:

COWS

Roy Coleman	\$50.00
Earl Nunn	40.00
Chas. Larue	30.00
Percy Summers	20.00
Reginald Wilson	10.00
Wilbur Hillyard	5.00

Calves

Reva McConnell	5.00
J. mie Hunt	4.00
J. m. Sullenger	3.00

Percy Summers

Catherine Paris

MILK

Reva McConnell	5.00
Harley Hillyard	4.00
Guthrie Paris	3.00
Jamie Hunt	2.00
Ray Holloman	1.00

Butter

Geo. F. Walker	5.00
Catherine Paris	4.00
Iris Ward	3.00
Earl Nunn	2.00
Guthrie Paris	1.00

Record Books

Zema Dempsey	5.00
M. Y. Nunn	4.00
Wm. Duke & Geneva Fowler	3.00
Ollie Hill	2.00
Herbert Crider	1.00

Negro Assistant Secretary of War.

The nation's 10,000,000 negroes are to be represented in the war department of President Wilson's cabinet during the war by Emmett J. Scott for 18 years confidential secretary to Booker T. Washington. His appointment as special assistant secretary of war was announced by Secretary Baker last week.

USE AN ICE PICK ON HIGHWAYMEN

Hunter Kent, Formerly of Louisville, Captured Two With Novel Weapon.

Hunter Kent, of St. Louis, formerly a resident of Louisville had an exciting experience a few nights ago while taking an after dinner walk in the neighborhood of his home. It was shortly after 10 o'clock when Mr. Kent, accompanied by two dogs belonging to his daughter, Miss Mary Kent, started for a walk.

As he left the house Mr. Kent picked up an ice pick in the back hall, the thought going through his mind that there had been a number of holdups in St. Louis, although evening after evening he had gone out unarmed.

Returning after a walk of several blocks, Mr. Kent was set upon by two young highwaymen who were not equal to cope with a gentleman armed with an ice pick.

Mr. Kent came out of the fray with his clothes torn to ribbons, but he had the satisfaction of disabling his assailants and handing over to the authorities two desperadoes who have been sought for weeks by the St. Louis police. - Louisville Post.

Gives Donation To Red Cross.

J. M. Ford of the Fords Ferry road called in twice recently and gave us a liberal donation for the Red Cross society. Mr. Ford is not much on show but his heart is all right. Many citizens much richer than Jim Ford have never

thought of turning loose any of their coin for the pleasure or benefit of the boys who are fighting for our country, some on the high seas, some in the trenches and others where ever the government has use for them or orders them to go.

It is a patriotic merchandising move. It is certain to stimulate the sale of Calumet Baking Powder, because housewives of America are bound to buy a product of the superior quality of Calumet Baking Powder, especially when they learn that money spent for Calumet means money saved for them and a boost to the distribution of Liberty Bonds.

It will entice Calumet salesmen. It will tie the spur of patriotism to the determination to excel in salesmanship and finally, it adds more proof to the often proved fact that the Calumet Baking Powder Company

ASKS SUPPORT OF VOTERS

John A. Stembridge Announces For Assessor On An Independent Ticket.

To The Voters Of Crittenden County:

In answer to the urgent solicitation of many voters throughout the county and adherents of all parties, I have decided to enter the race for County Assessor, and the petition to that effect signed by the requisite number of voters has already been filed in the Crittenden County court clerk's office to have my name placed upon the ballot as an independent candidate.

The new Revenue law imposes heavy duties upon the Assessor, and it is very important to the people that they elect a man capable and willing to perform those duties in a fair spirit. My friends and acquaintances throughout the county are convinced that I am capable and qualified. I will be glad if those who do not know me will make inquiry among my acquaintances, and upon their judgment I am willing to have the people settle the matter at the coming November election.

In the few weeks between now and the election it will be impossible for me to see many of you in person but assuring you of my appreciation for all of the help that may be extended to me, and promising you a faithful discharge of the office. - am. Respectfully, John A. Stembridge.

Weather Forecast.

Forecast for the week beginning Sunday Oct. 14, 1917. For Ohio Valley and Tennessee. Fair except occasional showers about Tuesday and Friday. Temperature somewhat above average.

Virgil Threlkeld, asst. cashier of the Marion Bank represented that institution in Evansville last week at the Indiana Bankers association.

OIL STRUCK IN HOPKINS

Small Well Near White Plains Drilled to Depth of 300 Feet

Oil was struck at a depth of 300 feet on a farm two miles east of White Plains, in Hopkins

Miss Madeleine Jenkins On Oct. 30th, Will Wed Bruce Babb Of Hodgenville.

party, given Tuesday morning by Miss Katherine Yates at the home of her mother, Mrs. Nora Yates.

The cards bearing the names, Miss Madeleine Jenkins Mr. Bruce Babb Oct. 30, were tied to the handles of the coffee cups. Bridal was the diversion of the morning. Miss Ruth Flanary won the first prize, a silver call bell. Miss Jenkins was presented with a pair of handsomely embroidered linen pillow slips.

A two course menu was served at the conclusion of the game. The ice course consisted of cream frozen in the shape of hearts. The favors were small crepe baskets filled with candy. Attached to the handles were little music racks supporting a tiny sheet of "The Wedding March."

Miss Yates guests included Misses Madeline Jenkins, Virginia Blue, Ruth Flanary, Susie Boston, Nannie Rochester, Gwendoline Haynes, Linda Jenkins, Katie Barnett, Kittie Gray, Frances Blue, Katherine Yandell, Mesdames J. P. Guess, Douglas Carnahan, Paul Adams, Jas. Henry, Maurie Nuna, Geo. Orme, W. V. Haynes, Sam Gugenheim, and C. B. Ellis of Salem.

The honoree has been a social favorite here and has a wide circle of friends.

A number of interesting parties have been arranged in her honor to take place in the next few days.

Strayed

From my farm on the Marion and Fredonia road, one brown horse five years old, fifteen hands high, saddle knot. Will pay for his return to me or Roy Sisco's livery barn, Marion, Ky.

10 11 2tp Will Crider.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Madeleine Jenkins On Oct. 30th, Will Wed Bruce Babb Of Hodgenville.

Shoes Are Shoes Nowadays And D. O. Carnahan Has Them

Bought in advance of the great raise in prices. Come to the Main Street Emporium of D. O. Carnahan for The Friedman Shelby Shoes, many of them at the old prices, also Chippewa Falls shoes, bought at the right prices and best lines for wear.

We have the "Stronger Than The Law" Shoes at \$4.50. All our shoes are a little lower than elsewhere.

Come and let us fit your feet. We can please you (fit your head,) and our prices will fit any purse. Come before bad weather sets in for then there will be a rush and your size may be gone. Our word for it, you'll never regret it, if you do as we say about the shoe problem.

D. O. CARNAHAN

Main Street

Opposite The Court House

Marion, Ky.

One Year Daily By Mail

\$4.00

Regular Price \$500

Courier October Bargain

One Year Daily A11

Sunday By Mail

\$6.00

Regular Price \$7.50

Democratic Ticket.

For Senator in the 4th district Crittenden, Caldwell and Webster counties.—C. S. Nunn, of Marion.

For Representative of Crittenden and Livingston districts.—Duron Koon, of Dyersburg.

For County Attorney—Trice Bennett, of Marion.

For Sheriff—John H. Nimmo.

For Jailer—Chas. W. Love.

Republican Ticket.

For Senator in the 4th district Crittenden, Caldwell and Webster Counties.—W. J. Deboe of Marion.

For Representative of Crittenden and Livingston district—W. F. Paris, of Lola.

For County Judge—Robert L. Moore.

For Sheriff—V. O. Chandler.

For County Court Clerk—L. E. Guess.

For County Attorney—John A. Moore.

For Superintendent—James L. F. Paris.

For Jailer W. E. Belt.

Dr. Gilchrist



Instruments for examining conditions in the eye as well as outside of the eye. Glasses scientifically fitted. Prices reasonable. Office: Pa is Bldg. Marion, Ky. Below Farmers Bank.

TELEPHONE WHILE THE TRAIN RUNS

New Device Permits Long Distance Calls From Moving Coaches.

Successful experiments with a telephone apparatus installed on a railroad car have been carried out by a representative of the signal department of the Canadian government railways, and the inventor of the device, the former in the car itself and the latter in the dispatcher's office. The transmission is made through wheel and axle without the assistance of any contributing medium.

Reports declare that the communication established was in every way satisfactory, although the train was in motion. It is said there was no difficulty in hearing distinctly every word of the messages exchanged.—London Globe.

URGES THE ADOPTION OF THE AMENDMENT

At a recent meeting of the Bowling Green Chamber of Commerce strong resolutions were adopted indorsing the Constitutional amendment, authorizing telephone companies to purchase competing lines. A committee was also appointed to devise ways and means to bring the matter to the attention of the voters of the state. The resolutions follow:

"Whereas, there will be submitted to the voters at the regular November Election, 1917, a constitutional amendment authorizing a telephone company to purchase the lines and equipment of other companies serving the same locality, by and with the approval of the government bodies of the cities served and of the state authorities.

"Be it resolved, That the Bowling Green and Warren County Chamber of Commerce heartily recommends the adoption of said amendment and urges the voters everywhere in the state not to fail to vote for same."

"Resolved, That the President of the Chamber of Commerce is authorized and requested to appoint a committee to devise ways and means of bringing to the attention of the voters the advantages that will accrue from the adoption of said amendment."

President J. Mott Williams appointed the following committee:

W. C. Sumpter, Director Public Utilities Department; W. D. Hale, J. W. Blackburn, E. H. Binzel, J. Will Stark, T. B. Roeder, R. E. Allison, M. T. Phelps, Hubert Myers, Roland Fitch, A. Y. Patterson, A. S. Hines, S. A. Kelley, W. B. Taylor, Porter Sims, Will Cassady, J. F. Jones, H. A. McElroy, O. G. Burns, A. C. Burton, T. W. Thomas, J. F. Callis, T. O. Helm, W. H. Fank, W. C. Anthony, A. M. Causey, T. W. Stone and G. D. Milliken.

In Praise of Work.

Work is the salvation of the race. Without it we should be savages. When a man is too old for work, his usefulness in this world is mercifully at an end. Work is a good, old-time word, conceived in honesty of purpose. Work drives the devil away. All honor to the working man and sorrow for the working man who is ashamed of his title.—Pittfield Eagle.

October Days Are Fleeting.

The leaves are falling and the days are going, and soon the opportunity to subscribe for the Evansville Courier at the annual bargain rate will be gone.

Thousands of subscriptions to The Courier have been taken, as its great interest and importance to this section in bringing the news of the world and the war first are generally recognized.

The regular prices of The Courier are \$5.00 per year for the day, and \$7.50 per year for the early and Sunday, but this month the October bargain month, the prices are \$4.00 and \$6.00.

Only once a year is the chance to secure subscriptions at the reduced rates given. We advise our readers to take advantage of the opportunity.

Taking Cathartics Every Day for Weeks Don't Cure Stomach Trouble

They do not eliminate the poisonous Bile Accretions from the System, so declares a leading Chicago Stomach specialist. Often Gall Stones, Cancer and Ulcers of the Stomach and Intestines, Auto-Intoxication, Yellow Jaundice, Appendicitis and other dangerous ailments are the consequences. May's Wonderful Remedy is the ideal prescription for Stomach, Liver and Intestinal ailments. It has restored millions. One dose will prove that it will help you. May's Wonderful Remedy is for sale by Haynes & Taylor. 2

The Future's Bright Hope.

Gwendolyn thought pa was going to turn out to be something wonderful, and pa is confident that son will make a mark in the world. Each generation seems to realize that it is a failure, but it is bettering on the next generation.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

L. F. WATERS

Veterinarian

Office at Sisco's Livery Stable Phone 289

Prepare now and immunize your herd against black-leg and hemorrhagic septicemia in cattle; White scour in calves; Navel ill in colts; Cholera in hogs; Also see me about White diarrhea in young chicks; Bowel ailments and blackhead in turkeys

How to Know, Prevent and Cure Quick!

Why We Say "We,"

A certain party recently asked us why we always used the pronoun "we" when we mean ourself. "It sounds as though you consider your self as a dirty," was the way he put it. "We" has a variety of meanings to suit the circumstances. When its a big muscular man who thinks he has been slandered, "we" means the editor, the police force, the mallet and anything that is handy; but, when we pay someone a tribute, "we" means the editor alone; when we say "we are getting the paper out this week," it includes the rest of the office force, mostly the devil and cockroach; "we are in the throes of prosperity," could under no circumstances be construed as meaning the editor, that would refer to the town generally; and when we say that "we have hog cholera in our midst," it means that the men who take the paper and do not pay for it are ill. We would use the pronoun "I," but a man in town got a copyright on it before we came here.—Princeton Leader.

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Notice To Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of Lucy E. Mott, Deed, will present same to me, properly proven as required by law, at my office, on or before October 20th, 1917, or same will be barred.

This 2th, day of Sept. 1917. D. A. Lowry, Commissioner, Crittenden Circuit Court.

Piles Cure 1 in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if FAZDINT fails to cure any case of Iloping, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. \$6.

New songs of the world war

Good-Bye Broadway Hello France

Good-bye Broadway, hello France We're ten million strong, Good-bye sweethearts, wives and mothers.

It won't take us long. Don't you worry while we are there.

It's for you we're there, It's for you we're fighting too; So, good-bye Broadway, hello France,

We're going to square our debt to you.

Send Me Away With a Smile.

Send me away with a smile, little girl,

Brush tears from the eyes of brown.

It's all for the best and I'm off with the rest.

Of the boys from my own home town.

It may be forever we part, little girl,

It may be for only a little.

But if fight dear, we must, in our Ma-er we trust.

So send us away with a smile.

THE SEER



HM—YOU'RE ABOUT TO MEET A LARGE, HUSKY PARTY FROM ACROSS THE WATER. WHO WILL MAKE IT PRETTY HOT FOR YOU? ABOUT 100,000,000 PEOPLE! THEM I CAN SEE YOU BETTER MAKE PARTY MAKING A GENERAL EXODUS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ARCTIC CYCLE WITH YOU ABOUT FOUR JUMPS IN THE LEAD—

KRESS'

Mail Order Store at Nashville, Tenn.

Kress Bargains reach a new high-water mark of value-giving and money-saving possibilities in this handsome

Rich Black Thibet Coat **4.98**

NOW ONLY...

Here is a coat of such excellent style and workmanship, that when you see it, you will wonder how we can sell it for only \$4.98.

Once again, the tremendous savings effected by Kress' superior purchasing power assert themselves. Buying at rock-bottom prices and selling for cash make this bargain possible.

Besides being smart in style it is splendidly warm and comfortable, and has the appearance of a much more expensive coat.

£5.00. This graceful, becoming coat, cut full and in fine quality Black Thibet, a smooth fabric that closely resembles heavy broadcloth and just the right weight for Fall and Winter wear, without a lining. Cut on the smartest of lines with a large, deep collar, here pictured worn open as a cape collar. Can also be buttoned high, as shown. Large black plush buttons trim the collar, cuffs and effect the closing in front. Coat also is trimmed with two rows of stitching. Stitched half-belts join in front with a large black plush button. Two striking patch pockets. All seams and edges bound with black tape. Collar is unlined. Colors: Black. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Length, 46 inches. State size.

Price **\$4.98**

SHIPPING WEIGHT **1/4 LBS.**

Prices of materials are going higher and higher and under present conditions this coat is an excellent value at double the price we ask. Economical women should take this opportunity to save.

The Season's Greatest Coat Bargain

Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Send for "The Book of a Thousand Bargains."

IT'S FREE.

Containing a page after page of unusual bargains in women's coats, waists, etc.; also much that men and children will need for winter. Kress prices are always lowest, owing to our tremendous purchasing power. The best price true economy will find our "Book of a Thousand Bargains" & true road to money saving. Write for it.

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FRENCH INDUSTRY IS RECOVERING

Natural Thrift and Economy Promise Rapid Progress

EXPORT BUSINESS GROWING

Our Great Ally Possesses Recuperative Powers Which Justify Belief That She Will Meet and Solve Triumphant Problems Which Confront Her After the War.

With Paris boulevards echoing with "vives" for American troops our interest in the welfare of our ally vastly increases, and the facts are not lacking to encourage the belief that she is already on the road to recovery from the blow of invasion by a ruthless enemy.

One of the most important developments is the announcement that one of the largest banking institutions in America concerned with foreign trade, the Guaranty Trust company of New York, has opened a Paris branch to handle the rapidly increasing volume of French business.

This action may surprise many persons who had thought of France as bowed under a calamitous invasion. The bank, however, gives figures indicating that France is not only meeting her military and civilian problems with a stout heart and never failing courage, but is re-establishing her export business with this country.

In 1914, the year of the outbreak of the war, imports from France to this country totaled \$141,446,252. This total was reduced to \$77,158,740 in 1915, but last year the value of French imports to the United States rose to \$102,077,000.

"A nation that can achieve such a commercial recovery while her territory is being ravished by the invader," says the Trust company's statement, "possesses recuperative powers which justify the belief that she will emerge from the present conflict prepared to meet and solve triumphantly the problems which confront her."

The commercial and industrial record of France, following past wars, indicates that she should recover quickly from the actual physical destruction inflicted in the present conflict. The reconstruction of railroads, the erection of factories to replace those destroyed, and the replacement of the mechanism of industrial activity that will be required and that is in part already planned, offer a peculiarly inviting field to American capital and enterprise. Tentative steps have already been taken by representatives of American engineers and business men in this work.

Aside from its attractive business aspect, the enlistment of American money and effort in the great task of reconstruction that will remain at the end of the war will tend to cement still more closely the ties that bind the two great republics together, and will enable Americans to discharge in part the debt they owe to France for her friendly interest in the welfare and progress of the United States from the beginning of its life as a nation.

In judging the industrial status of any nation, its production and consumption of coal, iron, and steel and the growth of its transportation systems are highly significant factors.

In 1909, French industries consumed 21 million tons of coal, of which 13.5 millions were taken from home mines. In 1912, the consumption was 61 millions, of which 41 million tons were taken from home mines.

In 1909, the French output of cast iron was 1,380,000 tons, and of steel, 1,000,000 tons. In 1914, France produced 5,311,000 tons of cast iron and 4,635,000 tons of steel.

SOLDIERS IN THE VERDUN SECTOR REPAIRING A RUINED CANAL



IN THEIR RETIREMENT FROM OCCUPIED TERRITORY THE GERMAN ARMY DESTROYED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA

A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE

CATHARTIC AND LIVER TONIC

LAX-FOS is not a Secret of Patent Medicine but is composed of the following old-fashioned roots and herbs:

CASCARA BARK

BLUE FLAG ROOT

RHUBARB ROOT

BLACK ROOT

MAY APPLE ROOT

SEMINA LEAVES

AND PEPSIN

In LAX-FOS the CASCARA is improved by the addition of these digestive ingredients making it better than ordinary CASCARA, and thus the combination acts only as a stimulating laxative and tonic but also as a digestive and liver tonic. Syrup laxatives are weak, but LAX-FOS combines strength with palatable aromatic taste and does not grip or disturb the stomach. One bottle will prove LAX-FOS is invaluable for Constipation, Indigestion or Torpid Liver. Price 50c

Teachers' Association

At Chapel Hill.

Though late in being related it must be well remembered that the teachers of educational division No. 1, held a most enjoyable Teachers' Association at Chapel Hill, August 31st, 1917.

It, Friday the 31st, was a beautiful sunny day and 11 teachers, county superintendent, patrons and friends assembled in the comfortably, cool and pleasant school house at Chapel Hill.

The president of the district being absent, the county superintendent, E. J. Travis, took the leadership.

The Association was opened by the assembly, singing the glorious anthem "My Country 'Tis of Thee," then devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Newman, first reading the sixth chapter of Galatians, soul awakening and inspirational to teachers.

E. J. Travis then gave a welcome address, next Miss Della Stembridge ably discussed "The New Education" under this kind of education, "The aim of every school should be to give as far as possible, an opportunity for a liberal education to all and a vocational training to each, to provide for every educational need of the community, for old and young."

Fred Hillyard, made a most interesting talk on "Manual Training," and "Domestic Science," how that we should endeavor to teach these subjects that they will be real live help and not misfits. Physiology and hygiene should be taught in schools so thoroughly that will be lived and improve our homes, so with domestic science and manual training—not just for fads—but teach, so that boys and girls



are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, she will find relief and emancipation from her troubles in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a safe, effective, and strength giving, invigorating tonic and nerve medicine which has been used by physicians for many years. In all cases of female complaints' and weaknesses. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical change of life; in bearing-down sensations; periodical pains, ulceration, induration, and every kind of ailment. "Pierce's Prescription" is the only medicine left up without alcohol—ingredients on wreath...

PALOS, VA.—"Eight years ago this summer I could hardly do anything, it was before our first little girl came. My limb's were so badly swollen I couldn't rest any where. I was telling a friend who's condition my limbs were in. She said 'Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. So I concluded to try it and take it what it did for me. I had only used it about one week when my limbs quit cramping, the pains got lesser, and I could sleep all night, good restful sleep, so I continued to use and had no trouble at all. Four years ago I used it again, and another little girl came almost entirely without discomfort. One year ago I again used Dr. Pierce's medicine but did not get it as I was in very poor condition financially, and I suffered five days and nights. Now note the difference."

"I will always praise the 'Prescription' to any expectant woman for cramping in limbs and nausea. It makes women stout and gives extra strength and prepares one for motherhood. I know it has no side effects."

may make home more comfortable and happier. Teach in rural communities through organizing Mothers' Clubs.

Kenna Powell discussed "Hygiene in Rural Schools," laying stress on individual drinking cups, ventilation of buildings, proper care of teeth and proper conditions of school grounds.

We here had an intermission for lunch and, oh! Such splendid luncheon did we have. We will long remember those splendid cakes and pies and many other luscious things and we all thought we would like to go back next year to Chapel Hill to have our Association, if we could have such another feast of good things.

Afternoon intermission we were favored with a recitation by Miss Isabel Walker, and a story by Miss Ethel Hard.

Miss Frances Gray discussed the pros and cons of "The School Museum." Miss Clara Belt told us how to have "School Gardens."

Fred Hillyard told us how we were to have a substitute teacher and be allowed to visit other schools this year.

Miss Jennie Clement in her discussion of "Character Building," taught us to teach the pupils that, "Selfishness and untruth bring unhappiness while kindness and truth bring happiness."

Mr. Travis also discussed "Character Building."

Miss Ruby Hard said that Louisa Alcott's stories, Dickens', Scott's novels were suitable reading for girls of twelve years; Swiss Family, Robinson, Treasure Island, Carpenter's, Geographical Readers and King Arthur and his Knights were books suited to boys of twelve years.

Rev. Newman discussed Character Building and Patrons' duty to Teachers.

Rev. Newman said, a teacher to really build character in the child, must first have a character that the child could entirely believe in, and the child following his example might have a good character. He impressed the fact the teachers do too much of the children's work, they should teach the children how to study.

We adjourned feeling that we had had a thoroughly encouraging, upbuilding and enjoyable day.

White-Breasted Nuthatch

Sitta carolinensis



Length, six inches. White below, above gray, with a black head.

Range: Resident in the United States, southern Canada, and Mexico.

Habits and economic status: This bird might readily be mistaken by a careless observer for a small wood-pecker, but its note, an oft-repeated yank, is very woodpeckerlike, and, unlike either woodpeckers or creepers, it climbs downward as easily as upward and seems to set the laws of gravity at defiance. The name was suggested by the habit of wedging nuts, especially beechnuts, in the crevices of bark so as to break them open by blows from the sharp, strong bill.

The nuthatch gets its living from the trunks and branches of trees, over which it creeps from daylight to dark. Insects and spiders constitute a little more than 50 per cent of its food.

The largest items of these are beetles, moths, and caterpillars, with ants and wasps.

The animal food is all in the bird's favor except a few ladybird beetles.

More than half of the vegetable food consists of mast, i. e., acorns and other nuts or large seeds.

One-tenth of the food is grain, mostly waste corn. The nuthatch does

no injury, so far as known, and much good.

WAR TAX SCHEDULE FINALLY REACHED

SENATE AND HOUSE CONFEREES AGREE ON BILL AND MAKE REPORT TO HOUSE.

BILL CARRIES \$2,700,000,000

Excess Profits Heavily Taxed On Graduated Scale From 20 to 60 per cent—Heavy Increases Levied On Second Class Mail Matter

Washington—Final agreement on the \$2,700,000,000 war tax bill was reached by the senate and house conferees and reported to the house. Levies of approximately \$1,000,000,000 on war excess profits and \$42,000,000 incomes were left unchanged, but a new system of calculating excess profits were adopted.

The conference report provides that the graduate tax of from 20 to 60 per cent on excess profits of corporations, partnerships and individuals shall be levied on a basis of invested capital compared with invested capital of the three prewar years of 1911, 1912 and 1913. This is a substitute for the senate taxes of from 16 to 60 per cent, based upon a similar comparison of prewar and present profits.

The income tax section virtually was unchanged, except for rearrangement of surtaxes on incomes between \$15,000 and \$40,000. The graduated surtaxes of from one to 50 per cent on incomes from \$5,000 to those of a million and over were approved.

The senate increase of from two to four per cent of the income tax on corporations, joint stock companies and insurance companies was approved, together with the new normal individual tax of two per cent on incomes of unmarried persons in excess of \$1,000 and of married persons of more than \$2,000.

Second-Class Rates Raised.

Enormous increases on second-class mail matter are proposed in the conference report on the war tax bill. Different rates would apply to reading and advertising matter and no free zone would be provided for either.

Beginning July 1, 1918, and continuing until July 1, 1919, the rate per pound on reading matter will be 1/4 cents, or 1/4 of a cent more than the present rate on all second-class mail matter, 1/2 cent per pound after July 1, 1919.

Publications carrying more advertising than 5 per cent of their total space would be subjected under the fourth-class parcel post zone system to the following rates per pound on the advertising matter:

Between July 1, 1918, and July 1, 1919, first and second zones, 1/4 cents; third, 1/2 cents; fourth, 2 cents; fifth, 2 1/4 cents; sixth, 2 1/2 cents; seventh, 3 cents and eighth, 3 1/4 cents.

Between July 1, 1919, and July 1, 1920, first and second zones, 1/2 cents; third, 2 cents; fourth, 3 cents; fifth, 3 1/4 cents; sixth, 4 cents; seventh, 5 cents and eighth, 5 1/2 cents.

Between July 1, 1920, and July 1, 1921, first and second zones, 1/3 cents; third, 2 1/2 cents; fourth, 4 cents; fifth, 4 1/4 cents; sixth, 5 1/2 cents; seventh, 7 cents and eighth, 7 1/4 cents.

After July 1, 1921, first and second zones, 2 cents; third, 3 cents; fourth, 5 cents; fifth, 6 cents; sixth, 7 cents; seventh, 9 cents and eighth, 10 cents.

These rates would apply on all publications entered as second-class mail matter, including sample copies to the extent of 10 per cent of the weight of copies mailed to subscribers during the calendar year.

MONROE DOCTRINE IN ORIENT

Viscount Ishii Says That Door To Legitimate Trading Will Not Be Closed In Orient.

New York.—Proclaiming a Monroe doctrine of the far east, Viscount Ishii, head of the Japanese mission to the United States, southern Canada, and Mexico.

Habits and economic status: This bird might readily be mistaken by a careless observer for a small wood-pecker, but its note, an oft-repeated yank, is very woodpeckerlike, and, unlike either woodpeckers or creepers, it climbs downward as easily as upward and seems to set the laws of gravity at defiance. The name was suggested by the habit of wedging nuts, especially beechnuts, in the crevices of bark so as to break them open by blows from the sharp, strong bill.

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The largest items of these are beetles, moths, and caterpillars, with ants and wasps.

The animal food is all in the bird's favor except a few ladybird beetles.

More than half of the vegetable food consists of mast, i. e., acorns and other nuts or large seeds.

One-tenth of the food is grain, mostly waste corn. The nuthatch does

no injury, so far as known, and much good.

TIGHTENS BLOCKADE.

More Vigorous Policy Toward Germany Is Advanced.

London.—A still more vigorous blockade of Germany is to be enforced by the entente allies as a result of the conference of Lord Robert Cecil with the French minister of blockade. The king signed a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of certain articles to Sweden and Holland. The king's approval also was given, making it more difficult for the enemy to obtain supplies.

TALE OF HORROR RIVALS FICTION

Only Eleven of Colony of One Hundred Survive on Barren Island.

SUPPLIES NEVER CAME

Starvation, Ocean and Murder Claims Most of Colony on Clipperton Island, Off the Mexican Coast.

Mexico City.—The story of the rescue of eleven Mexican women and children from almost certain death on the barren Clipperton Island, a coral atoll 630 miles off the Mexican coast, was related by members of the rescued party who were landed at Salina Cruz by an American gunboat.

They were the survivors of more than 100 colonists who left for the island in February, 1914. The remainder died from scurvy or were drowned.

Story of Governor's Widow.

According to the story of Mrs. Maria Arnaud, widow of Captain Arnaud, governor of the island, shortly after the arrival of the colonists, the American schooner Nokomis was wrecked on the island. Thirteen members of the crew, including the captain's wife, reached the shore, where they remained for several months while a few of the sailors rowed back to Acapulco.

On hearing of the suffering of the people on the island an American gunboat went there and took off the Americans, but not before they had materially diminished the food supply of the colonists. It also offered to take off the Mexicans, but they declined the offer, expecting that a boat with supplies would arrive any day. The boat never came.

Attempt Rescue; Drown.

When their food was exhausted the colonists were forced to live on fish and the eggs and flesh of sea birds. Scurvy set in and more than half the colonists died. In 1915 Captain Arnaud with three men put off in a rowboat to try and intercept a vessel that had been sighted, but their boat capsized and its occupants were drowned.

The party on the island then numbered five women, seven children, and



Crittenden Record-Press

Marion, Ky., Oct. 18 1917

S. M. JENKINS.
Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter Feb
uary 9th 1878 at the post office at
Marion, Kentucky, under the Act of
Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$1.50 per year cash in advance.

Advertising Rates.

50c per inch S. C. Foreign Advertising
25c per inch S. C. Home Advertising
Repeated Ads one-half rate.

Metal bases for Plates and Electros
Locals or Readers

5cts per line in this size type.

10cts per line in this size type

15cts. a line this size type.

Obituaries 5c per line
Cards of Thanks 5c per line
Resolutions of respect 5c aline

Cash
With
Copy

THE COURIER'S OCTOBER BARGAIN.

While the subscription price of the Evansville Courier has been made \$5.00 a year for the daily and \$7.50 per year for the daily and Sunday by mail, The Courier announces that its October bargain rate will be \$1.00 for the daily and \$6.00 for the daily and Sunday.

The Courier is the favorite daily newspaper for thousands of people in this section, and no doubt they will be quick to take advantage of the opportunity to subscribe at the October bargain rates. The Courier is one of the most original and interesting newspapers to be found anywhere and brings the news of the war, the world and the markets to our people first.

High School News.

When in Marion visit the biggest thing there, her school.

An Irish program was given by the Samatian Society last Friday afternoon.

El's Boaz enrolled in the Senior Class the first of last week after having spent the summer in St. Louis.

Oral Flanary and Creed Threlkeld spent last week end with John Et Young near Frederonia and attended the Princeton- Providence Football game at Princeton Saturday.

Grace Clement enrolled in the Sophomore class at the beginning of the month.

The officers for the Senior Class for the year are, Robert Hamilton President, Nellie Stone Vice President, Katherine Reed Treasurer, Katie May Freshman Class.

Those making the highest grades in the four classes in High School for the first month were, Katherine Reed and Lucile Moore Senior, Elisabeth Cook, Junior Class, Ray Foster, Sophomore Class, Ina May, Freshman Class. See the following between Marion and Providence next Saturday afternoon at Maxwell Park.

Watts Franklin spent Saturday and Sunday in Greenville.

Mildred Bourland spent the week end in Evansville.

Edwin Hughes was called home Monday morning to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Luele Moore spent Saturday and Sunday in Hopkinsville.

MUSTANG

For Sprains, Lameness,
Sores, Cuts, Rheumatism
Penetrates and Heals.
Stops Pain At Once
For Man and Beast
25c. 50c. \$1. At All Dealers.

ENTIMENT

Box Supper At Mrs. Clark's.

Quite a number of people attended the Box Supper at Mrs. Clark's Saturday night and it proved to be one of the most enjoyable affairs which has been held at this

place.

In addition to the folks of the immediate neighborhood a number of people gathered from other communities including several prominent young men from Salem.

There were light boxes of nice food which were sold to the highest bidders and a tidy little sum of money was realized which will be given for the benefit of the New Salem Church.

After all a beautiful and delicious cake was brought forth and sold in a beauty contest on the prettiest girl and as luck would have it Miss Nelle Conyer was the winner.

HERE IS HOW UNCLE SAM CAN USE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Mrs. Donald McDonald, chairman for Kentucky of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, yesterday issued a bulletin to her co-workers, detailing what Uncle Sam will do for each of the dollars that comes to him in exchange for his Liberty bonds. These are sample appropriations.

A \$50 bond will supply four months sustenance in field for one man.

A \$100 bond will supply 200 pounds of smokeless powder.

A \$200 bond will supply complete uniform and outfit for four navy men.

A \$500 bond will supply 180 gas masks.

A \$1,000 bond will supply gasoline enough to drive a submarine 2,000 miles.

A \$2,000 bond will supply 520 thirteen-pound shells to destroy submarines.

COULD HARDLY STAND ALONE

Terrible Suffering From Headache
Sideache, Backache, and Weakness,
Relieved By Cardui,
Says This Texas Lady.

Gonzales, Tex.—Mrs. Minnie Philpot, of this place, writes: "Five years ago I was taken with a pain in my left side. It was right under my left rib. It would commence with an aching and extend up into my left shoulder and on down into my back. By that time the pain would be so severe I would have to take to bed, and suffered usually about three days... I suffered this way for three years, and got to be a mere skeleton and was so weak I could hardly stand alone. Was not able to go anywhere and had to let my house work go... I suffered awful with pain in my back and I had the headache all the time. I just was unable to do a thing. My life was a misery, my stomach got in an awful condition, caused from taking so much medicine. I suffered so much pain. I had just about given up all hopes of our getting anything to help me.

One day a Birthday Almanac was thrown in my yard. After reading its testimonials I decided to try Cardui, and am so thankful that I did. I began to improve when on the second bottle... I am now a well woman still feeling fine and the cure has been permanent for it has been two years since my awful bad health.

I will always praise and recommend Cardui." Try Cardui today. E 78

The Value Of Character.

(By Cora E. Clift.)

Words can not tell the value of a pure and stainless character and it should be far more precious to us than any earthly thing.

Character is the stamp of our nature, or that which marks our very being.

Reputation is what other I think of us, but character is what we are, reputation may sometimes flow from character but not always, as reputation is transitory and may be, false or true. A good character should always be the first object of interest to a one who wants a good name, for no one can have a good name with a questionable character.

Oh, who can measure the value of a good name, based on a noble character, for it is a priceless jewel, and who can repair it if injured? Who can redeem it if lost? With out it gold has no value, station no dignity, beauty no charm? With out it wealth impoverishes, grace deforms, it degrades.

There are some people who are

so vile and contemptible that they

hate to see any one living a pure and blameless life, and they do

everything in their power to get

any one the same downward path

that they are following which

leads to the very depths of de-

The legacy of a good name based on a pure character is far beyond value, rich is the inheritance it leaves, precious is the hope it inspires. Those who rob others of their property, take that which can be regained by time and opportunity, but who can regain a lost and ruined character.

Those who ridicule others for their poverty, upbraid them for it which industry may retrieve but what wealth can redeem the bankrupt character. Oh how I wish people would prize this peerless thing as highly as it should be in place of looking upon with contempt like some of them does as if it was dust beneath their feet. If fathers and mothers of today would only be more careful to teach their children the value of character, not by words alone, but by living a pure and blameless life themselves there would be fewer lives wrecked by vice.

I have known parents to talk to their children and tell them to live right, when at the same time, they themselves were living the vilest of lives, so what good will such talk do children when in later years they will learn of the immoral conduct of their parents. When a boy or girl goes astray and keeps on going on the downward path and goes so low and vile that they do not even try to redeem themselves, then the world will look upon them with disdain, but they do not stop to think that perhaps the parents of this boy or girl are in a measure the blame for it, for they might of failed to teach them the value of character when they were little, for if a child is trained up in the way it should go, when it is old it will not depart from it.

The most of married people do not stop to consider what a great responsibility rests upon them, and by doing so they fail to do what God intended them to do, to train and keep their children in the path of purity until they become old enough to realize the value of character.

If fathers and mothers would only ask for the help of their heavenly Father more than what they do, and train their children in the path of purity, they could keep them as pure as when they were innocent babes in their mothers arms.

I have seen quite a number of old people both men and women that were living such sinful lives as if there was no "HELL" for such as they, they were bowed with age, and their looks plainly showed that their earthly life was soon to be ended, and then when they should place their minds upon heavenly things and live so that when God calls them that they might depart from this world without one sigh or regret into that happy home of perfect felicity, they had placed it upon vice and had become so depraved that perhaps satan himself had turned from them in disgust, and those

same people who look upon a pure character with disdainfulness, call them selves Christians and we often see them at church praying with much emphasis, and perhaps crying a little to make it have more effect. No wonder sinners do not see the true value of religion and character when they can find just such people as I have described all around them.

A woman was talking not long ago in regard to the way women and girls dressed. Now, she said some bitter things but all she said was more than true, for the way women and girls dress now is a disgrace to womanhood.

Now, she should be the noblest and purest of all earthly beings, but so vile and contemptible as to not only disgrace herself by her conduct but also the very name of woman.

I have often wondered why women do not value their

character more than what they do, for it is the most priceless jewel of womanhood and without it they are nothing.

Girls pay more attention to your character and not so much to your outward beauty, and be sure to have no boys going with you until you have molded a character that nothing that this old world can give will ever take that from you, for if you do not do this, and commence keeping company with boys before you are old enough to realize the true value of character, you are in danger of being led astray, and then after it is too late, you will find that you have been robed of all that goes to make a noble and pure woman, character then after that life will never be the same to you, and it will be you who have to suffer, and not the vile hearted thing in the form of man who took advantage of your extreme youth and ignorance by robbing you of that which is more precious to woman than all else, character.

Boys will flatter girls and make them think that they care for them, when they are only seeking to ruin them, and do not mean to marry them at all, but some girls cannot see this until it is too late.

A boy has to be very profligate indeed, to seek to take the character from the girl he loves and means to make his wife, so when one seeks to rob a pure girl of that priceless jewel, it is not because he loves her, but because he is so full of vice that he takes great delight in wrecking and ruining the life of a chaste girl.

If men do not value their own characters as they should, they can not keep from respecting a woman who does, for there is something about a pure souled woman that makes men respect her, and if women, are not respected it is their own fault, for if they would not dress in an indecent manner like a great many of them are doing now and pay as much attention to their character as they do their painted and powdered faces, I am sure the world would have a better class of women for men to respect.

Any one who wants to live a chaste life should keep good company or none, and if any one can not be sure of others, and know that they are what they should be, stay away from them for any one had better be lonely and be with no one at all, then to be disgraced out cast, for there has been many people who had by keeping bad company lost their character, honor and good name, in fact all that goes to make true manhood and womanhood, the emblem of purity.

If the lives of the wealthy men and women could be read, there would be pages so black with immorality, that people would begin to think that human race had forgotten the value of character, but yet there is a few pure men and women, and they are the ones who keeps themselves free from wealth's vile touch, for money can not buy the pleasure which comes from pure manhood or womanhood, and oh how often by the injection of

money into the lives of our people, does this sweet and noble spirit of manhood and womanhood depart forever. Some people think that they can partake of vice and live in sin for awhile and then redeem themselves in later years, but they are

wrong, for it is just as easy for rivers to run up stream, as it is for any one to redeem themselves after they once get started on the downward path of sin and vice.

There are some people who are so vile and contemptible that they hate to see any one living a pure and blameless life, and they do

everything in their power to get anyone the same downward path that they are following which leads to the very depths of de-

radation and everlasting shame. Boys and girls, start on life's journey with a pure and spotless character, and keep it pure, never let any one rob you of that priceless thing and you will have something that will be worth far more to you than all the glittering gold of this world, do not ever let anyone make you

think that you can go astray and then redeem, for there is but a few who can do this, and even though you be among the few, and can redeem your ruined character, it will never be as it was before—without one stain upon it, and remember to keep good company or none, and live a pure and unquestionable life, so that others may see and realize the value of character.

WANTED

Someone to build and

furnish a store for benefit of

Mines Five Mines to fur-

nish in a radius of three mile

circle.

At forks of road. Daily
mail. Mines Starting New.

I have the Location.

Write me at once.

DAVID C. LOVELESS

Salem, Ky.

Many Ships Under Water

May be Recovered.

"An interesting paragraph in Shipping" says that many of the torpedoed vessels that lie at the bottom of the sea may be salved after the war. "Neither ships nor cargoes" it affirms, "except perishable material and foodstuffs, deteriorate very much under water. When a vessel is being refloated, a barrel of oil is poured on the surface of the water in order to leave a deposit over the machinery. Repairs are quickly effected, and sections shattered by torpedoes present no great difficulties in the work of salvaging. Valuable as are the ships themselves that now lie at the bottom of the sea, the cargoes of cotton, rubber, wool, machinery, etc., are considered to be more valuable still. Parts of the North sea and of the English channel are shallow enough to permit of this kind of salvaging work on a considerable scale, according to the authority quoted.

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wrong, for it is just as easy for rivers to run up stream, as it is for any one to redeem themselves after they once get started on the downward path of sin and vice.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has not yet been able to cure, and that is Cancer. Dr. H. C. Clark's Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Cancer being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment, acting directly upon the vital and numerous causes of the system there being no foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting the body in its efforts to cure. Dr. Clark has so much faith in his cure that he offers One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

DR. H. C. CLARK, CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Send me your application. The Hall Family Clinic for concentration.

Every Great News Event.

Is fully and completely covered by the Evansville Courier. The coming year will be a period of the greatest news—the tide of battles and fortunes of our soldiers in the great war. This month The Courier is making its annual bargain rate at the reduction of \$1.00 from the regular price. No one can afford to be without a daily newspaper during the great crisis. The Courier is not only the first newspaper in this field but one of the best. Adv.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic
Take Grove's.

The Old Standard Grove's Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

PERSONALS

E. L. Harpending, Notary Public

Richard Bebout, of Sheridan, passed through the city Sunday en route to Louisville to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Luther T. Farmer, of the Secretary of State's office at Frankfort, Ky., was here last week the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Farmer, on Walker street.

Miss Katherine Yandell spent the week-end at Rosiclare, Ill., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Yandell, returning home Monday

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bourland and daughter, Miss Mildred, and son, Master Teddy, motored to Evansville Friday to spend the week-end at the Hotel McCurdy. Miss Ann Eliza Johnson accompanied them.

W. H. Clark, a prominent attorney of Hoxie, Kan., was here this week to visit his aged mother, Mrs. Nancy Clark, and sister, Mrs. John Brantley.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Roberts went to Evansville, Ind., Sunday afternoon to call on Col. D. C. Roberts at Walker Sanatorium.

Go to George W. Stone for your glasses in rims or rimless, any kind you want. His low prices will surprise you. Office hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5 on Mondays and Saturdays. Other weeks in the afternoon only Office lower floor of Press Bldg.

Miss. Effie Deboe has rented her house to A. J. Pickens and wife who have moved to it. Miss. Effie contemplates removing to Nashville, Tenn., to reside, with her sister Mrs. J. W. Huffman.

Wallace Warren Arflack is the name of an eight lb. boy who arrived at the home of J. H. Arflack Sunday night Oct. 14th. Mrs. Arflack was a daughter of Rev. John Brown. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Mrs. Jane Franklin, Caruthersville, Mo., writes us a letter which closes as follows: "God bless you and all my dear Kentucky friends, in my dear blessed old home."

J. N. Dean has rented the Virgil Moore residence from Col. E. McGregor, who has moved to Sturgis temporarily.

Ernest Butler has moved to the W. R. Gibbs place on S. 1st street.

Hyomei's germ-killing medication is the only sensible and safe way of treating catarrh. Goes right to the spot. Breathed through the nose and mouth. Guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded. Sold by Haynes & Taylor.

Russell Moss bought the Rutledge Newcom property and has moved to it.

J. H. Brouster has sold his Ledbetter farm and contemplates moving to Marion.

C. E. McGregor and his estimable family moved to Sturgis last week. We hope he will find some relief for his eyes, which have almost gone out, and return to us later well and sound.

Sam Morse has reached America after an eventful voyage across the Atlantic in the U. S. mail service. He is remembering his friends back home by sending them French money, 1 franc pieces.

Miss Ada Ford of Toledo Ohio and her brother Lemuel Ford of Cleveland Ohio arrived here Monday too late to attend the funeral and burial of their grand mother Mrs. Elizabeth James, and are now guests of their grandfather L. H. James.

Mrs. Maggie Owen and her daughter of Dycusburg section have moved to Marion, and the young lady will enter the Marion Graded and High School.

J. E. Dean and wife of Crider passed through the city Monday enroute to Al Dean's farm to visit Miss Nannie Dean who is ill.

Jeff Chandler has purchased the Jamie Howerton residence on North Main street for \$1500. Jamie is now in Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg, Miss.

Hugh Driver and his little family have rented the C J Pierce cottage on North Main street recently vacated by Trice Bennet.

Mrs. Dora Rodgers of Owensboro arrived last week to visit her relatives and many friends here in her old home where she is greatly beloved.

Dr. Clarence G. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland and little son, Elvin, left Sunday for Louisville to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

The Pierce & Elder sale Thursday was successfully carried out.

The thirty-three months old Holstein male sold for \$140.00; one 4 year old male sold for \$130.00; twenty-four holstein and jersey cows brought prices ranging from \$50.00 to \$90.00; and 25 calves and heifers brought from \$14.00 to \$45.00; a sow and pigs brought \$68.00. The sale totalled \$2500.00 mostly for cash which shows how prosperous the country is at this time.

Mrs. Clarence Sisco and baby, of Sturgis, was the guest of Mrs. Paul Adams last week at the Flanary home on Salem street, where she had visited often, as Miss Gervis Shafer, before her marriage.

The Kentucky State Medical association will meet in Louisville, Nov. 6th and continue in session four days. All physicians in Crittenden and adjoining counties are urged to attend.

Mrs. Felix Grundy Cox who

was taken to Evansville last Thurs-

day for examination was found to

have appendicitis and will be

operated on at once. Her hus-

band and daughter Mrs. D. O.

Carnahan accompanied her.

Mrs. S. M. Shaver has returned to her home in Dallas Texas after a months visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cannan on Walker street.

Judge J. F. Gordon of Madison-

ville who was called here to attend

the funeral and burial of Mrs.

Gordon's mother, Mrs. L. H.

James left Monday for his home in

Madisonville.

U. S. Marshall E. H. James,

was too ill of acute indigestion to

attend the funeral of his mother,

Mrs. Elizabeth James who died

Friday morning and was buried

Saturday afternoon.

Rev. James F. Price attended

the meeting of Ky. Synod last

week. He was at Shiloh last Sun-

day at Home Coming day. They

had a big time, a fine dinner,

splendid program and a good

social time.

He is at Maysville this week

at the State Sunday school Con-

vention.

Miss Mabel Minner has re-

turned from a two months sojourn in Kansas, Colorado and other western sections. She was

delighted with her trip and the

west, but was glad to get back

to old Kentucky.

Miss Mary Fennell, R. F. D., Po-

moore, Missouri, writes:

"I wish to say a few words in the

praise of Peruna. I have used it

with good results for cramps in the

stomach. Also found it the very

thing for catarrh of the head. My

sister was cured of catarrh of stom-

ach by the use of Peruna."

Miss E. T. Chomer, 29 East 42nd

St., Chicago, Ill., says: "Manlin

ักษ์ laxative on the market for liver

and bowels, very good for indigestion

and heart burn.

Those who object to liquid medi-

cines can secure Peruna tablets.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Mariou Group Meeting October 25th, at The M. E. Church.

9:30 Hymn No. 633	Rev. H. R. Short
Devotional Exercises	
Hymn No. 654.	
Welcome Address	Mrs. Charles
Response	Mrs. C. B. Petrie
Report of District Secretary.	
The Effect of the War on Missions	Mrs. H. R. Short
Reports from Societies, Marion, all three, and others represented	
Solo	Miss Gussie Burgett
Membership Campaign	Mrs. T. T. Guess
Social Service	Mrs. Mark Easton
Prayer	

LUNCH

1:00	
Hymn	
Devotional Exercise	Mrs. F. W. Denton
Christian Stewardship	Mrs. J. M. Stone
The Mission Study Class	
The Report From The Council	Mrs. C. B. Petrie

Wm. Otho Nunn called in Saturday and paid \$1.00 for subscription to the Crittenden Record Press to be sent to Greeley F. Bell a former neighbor boy of his now at Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky. This was a patriotic deed and we commend friend Nunn for it.

J. W. Freeman and wife of Cartersville Ill., who were guests of his brother J. M. Freeman and wife left Monday for their home.

Mrs. W. E. Crumbaugh and sons Eugene and Marlin motored over from Eddyville last Friday to spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Jenkins.

Mrs. S. M. Jenkins and son Sidney Marshall Jr., and nurse have returned from a short visit to Mrs. Mary A. Jenkins at Eddyville.

W. H. Graves called in Friday, Oct. 12th, which was a national holiday, and said for us to send three more copies of the Crittenden Record-Press to the Crittenden county boys at Camp Zachary Taylor, and also three more to the Camp at Hattiesburg, Miss., and to make his words good he planked down the money to pay for the six extra copies for the time he specified. This was a good act, one entirely worthy of "Columbus day." Will was evidently feeling patriotic, and he proved it by turning loose some of his money for the benefit and pleasure of the boys at the front.

Mrs. Sarah Boyd, the venerable mother of Prof. C. E. Boyd who moved here recently from Hampton, and lives on Belville St. in the Geo. M. Crider house, fell on the concrete walk last week and bruised her face and other parts of her body severely. She mistook a step for a level place and pitched forward on her face. Although old and pretty badly bruised, she is recuperating satisfactorily.

Mrs. O. H. Paris and Mrs. C. B. Sullivan attended the Carl Hagenbeck Circus at Princeton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lamb and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Wilborn and two sons are among those who are attending the Masonic Grand Lodge in Louisville this week.

J. E. Dean brought in some 12 inch ears of corn grown on the John Henry Turkey place up near Crider, which Mr. Dean now owns. This corn paid the quality of the fine stone-ground along branches and on the knobs of this fine old farm which the present owner has doubtless producing power of since he bought it.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Gandy of Salem passed through the city Tuesday enroute home from Princeton where they had been to visit his relatives.

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. See

TO THE FOOD ADMINISTRATOR:

I am glad to join you in the service of food conservation for our nation and I hereby accept membership in the United States Food Administration, pledging myself to carry out the directions and advice of the Food Administrator in my home, insofar as my circumstances permit.

There are no fees or dues to be paid. The Food Administration wishes to have as members all of those actually handling food in the home.

Anyone may have the Home Card of Instruction, but only those signing pledges are entitled to Membership Window Card, which will be delivered upon receipt of the signed pledge.

Mrs. Yandell has time, the means and the patriotism to attend to the important duties of this office, and Food Commissioner Hoover may look for every detail to be attended to in Crittenden county under her supervision.

The columns of the Crittenden Record-Press are open and free to Chairman Yandell and all her assistants.

The October Bargain Rush.

Hundreds of people in this vicinity are subscribing to the Evansville Courier at the bargain rates, thus saving a precious dollar. While the regular price of The Courier daily by mail, in year, is \$5.00, the October bargain rate is \$4.00 and our people have the opportunity to secure one of the best and first of daily newspapers at a very reasonable price.

Subscriptions may be sent to The Courier direct or handed in at this office or to the postmaster.

DEATHS

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane James wife of Hon. Lemuel H. James died at her home in this city Friday morning at 5 o'clock after an illness of only a few days of pneumonia which developed quickly in both lungs, after she was taken ill less than a week before. With her when the end came were her husband and two daughters, Miss Lizzie and Mrs. Ruby Gordon, wife of Judge J. F. Gordon of Madisonville, all of whom have ever been solicitous of her health, mindful of her comfort, and devoted to her in truth, at all times.

Mrs. James left two sons U.

S. Senator Ollie M. James of

Washington, D. C. who was

speeding homeward thru the

mountains of West Va., when he

was informed that his mother was

dead. Her other son U. S.

Marshall E. H. James of Louis-

ville was confined to his bed and

so ill as to make it impossible for

him to be here or for his family

to leave him.

The funeral was preached at the residence Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Harry R. Short officiating. His discourse and readings were especially appropriate to the occasion and to the life of the deceased.

Mr. Archie Fletcher and Effie

Blake of the western section of

the county drove to Marion and

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

A Romance of Adventure

by TALBOT MUNDY

CHAPTER I.

The men who govern India—more power to them and her!—are few. Those who stand in their way and pretend to help them with a flood of words are a host. The charge has seen the light in print that India—well-spring of plague and sudden death and money lenders—has sold her soul to twenty succeeding conquerors in turn.

So when the world war broke the world was destined to be surprised on India's account. The Red sea, full of racing transports crowded with dark-skinned gentlemen whose prayer was that the war might not be over before they should have struck a blow for Britain, was the Indian army's answer to the press.

More than one nation was deeply shocked by India's answer to "practices" that had extended over years. But there were men in India who learned to love India long ago with that love that casts out fear, who knew exactly what was going to happen and could therefore afford to wait for orders instead of running round in rings.

Athelstan King, for instance, nothing yet but a captain unattached, sat in meagerly furnished quarters with his heels on a table. He is not a doctor, yet he read a book on surgery; and when he went over to the club he carried the book under his arm and continued to read it there. In the other room where the telegraph blanks were littered in confusion all about the floor, the other officers sent telegrams and forgot King, who sat and smoked and read about surgery; and before he had nearly finished one

"That depends, sir. Yes, I can imagine it."

The general laughed. "That's why I sent you for. I need a man with imagination! There's a woman you've got to work with on this occasion who can imagine a shade or two too much. What's worse, she's ambitious. So I chose you to work with her."

King's lips stiffened under his mustache, and the corners of his eyes wrinkled into crow's feet to correspond. Eyes are never coal-black, of course, but his looked it at that minute.

"You know we've sent men to Khinjan who are said to have entered the caves. Not one of 'em has ever returned."

King frowned.

"She claims she can enter the caves and come out again at pleasure. She has offered to do it, and I have accepted. Can you guess who she is?"

"Not Yasmin?" King hazarded, and the general nodded. The helmet-strap mark, printed indelibly on King's jaw and cheek by the Indian sun, tightened and grew whiter—as the general noted out of the corner of his eye.

"Know her?"

"Know of her, of course, sir. Everybody does. Never met her to my knowledge."

"Um-m-m! Whose fault was that? Somebody ought to have seen to that. Go to Delhi now and meet her. I'll send her a wire to say you're coming. She knows I've chosen you. She tried to insist on full discretion, but I overruled her."

King's tongue licked his lips, and his eyes wrinkled. The general's voice became the least shade more authoritative.

"When you see her, get a pass from her that'll take you into Khinjan caves! Ask her for it! For the sake of appearances I'll gazette you seconded to the Khyber rifles. For the sake of success, get a pass from her!"

"Very well, sir."

"You've a brother in the Khyber rifles, haven't you? Was it you or your brother who visited Khinjan once and sent in a report?"

"I did, sir."

He spoke without pride. Even the brigade of British-Indian cavalry that went to Khinjan on the strength of his report and leveled its defenses with the ground, had not been able to find the famous caves. Yet the caves themselves are a byword.

"There's talk of a jihad (holy war). There's worse than that! When you went to Khinjan, what was your chief object?"

"To find the source of the everlasting rumors about the so-called 'Heart of the Hills,' sir."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I read your report. You didn't find anything, did you? Well, The story is now that the 'Heart of the Hills' has come to life. So the spies say."

King whistled softly.

"There's no guessing what it means," said the general. "Go and work with Yasmin. The spies keep bringing in rumors of ten thousand men in Khinjan caves, and of another large lashkar not far away from Khinjan. There must be no jihad. King! India is all but defenseless! This story about a 'Heart of the Hills' coming to life may presage unity of action and a holy war such as the world has not seen. Go up there and stop it if you can. At least, let me know the facts!"

King grunted. To stop a holy war single-handed would be rather like stopping the wind—possibly easy enough, if one knew the way. Yet he knew no general would throw away a man like himself on a useless venture. He began to look happy.

The general clucked to the mare and one wheel ceased to touch the gravel as they whirled along a semi-circular drive. Under the porch of a pretentious residence, sentries saluted, the salvoes swinging down and in less than sixty seconds King was following the general through a wide entrance into a crowded hall. The instant the general's fat figure darkened the doorway twenty men of higher rank than King, native and English, rose from lined-up chairs and pressed forward.

"Sorry—have to keep you all waiting—busy!" He waved them aside with a little apologetic gesture. "Come in here, King."

King followed him through a door that slammed tight behind him on rubber jambas.

"Sit down!"

The general unlocked a steel drawer and began to rummage among the papers in it. In a minute he produced a package, bound in rubber bands, with a faded photograph face upward on the top.

"That's the woman! How d'you like the look of her?"

King followed him through a door that slammed tight behind him on rubber jambas.

"We're denuding India of troops—not keeping back more than a mere handful to hold the tribes in check."

King nodded. There has never been peace along the northwest border. It did not need vision to foresee trouble from that quarter. In fact it must have been partly on the strength of some of King's reports that the general was planning now.

"Well, the tribes'll know presently how many men we're sending overseas. There've been rumors about Khinjan by the hundred lately. They're cooking something. Can you imagine 'em keeping quiet now?"

The general watched his face with eyes beaming like suns; and without troubling to turn his head, he knew that Major Hyde was to be his carriage mate again.

"Orders," said King.

"Is that your answer?" asked the major. Balked ambition is an ugly horse to ride. He had tried for a command but had been shelved.

"I have sufficient authority," said King, unruffled. He spoke as if he were thinking of something entirely different. His eyes were as if they saw the major from a very long way off and rather approved of him on the whole.

"Show me your authority, please!"

King dived into an inner pocket and produced a card that had about ten words written on its face, above a general's signature. Hyde read it and passed it back.

"So you're one of those, are you?" he said in a tone of voice that would start a fight in some parts of the world and in some services. But King nodded cheerfully, and that annoyed the major more than ever; he snorted, closed his mouth with a snap and turned to rearrange the sheet and pillow on his berth.

CHAPTER II.

The train pulled out, amid a din of voices from the left-behind that nearly drowned the panting of the overburdened engine. Hyde all but stripped himself and drew on striped pajamas. King was content to lie in shirt sleeves on the other berth, with knees raised, so that Hyde could not overlook the general's papers. At his ease he studied them one by one, memorizing a string of names, with details as to their owners' antecedents and probable present whereabouts. There were several photographs in the packet, and he studied them very carefully indeed.

But much more carefully of all he examined Yasmin's portrait, returning to it again and again. He reached the conclusion in the end that when it was taken she had been cunningly disguised.

"This was intended for purpose of identification at a given time and place," he told himself.

"Were you muttering at me?" asked Hyde.

"No sir. Nothing of the sort intended."

Hyde turned an indignant back on him, and King studied the back as if he found it interesting. On the whole he looked sympathetic, so it was as well that Hyde did not look around. Balked ambition as a rule loathes sympathy.

After many prickly-hot, interminable, jolting hours the train drew up at Rawal-Pindi station. Instantly King was on his feet with his tunic on, and he was out on the blazing hot platform before the train's motion had quite ceased.

He began to walk up and down, not elbowing but percolating through the crowd, missing nothing worth noticing in all the hot kaleidoscope and seeming to find new amusement at every turn. It was not in the least astonishing that a well-dressed native should address him presently, for he looked genial enough to be asked to hold a baby. King himself did not seem surprised at all. Far from it; he looked pleased.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in glib baba English. "I am seeking Captain King sahib, for whom my brother is very anxious to be servant. Can you kindly tell me, sir, where I could find Captain King sahib?"

"Certainly," King answered him. He looked glad to be of help. "Are you traveling on this train?"

The question sounded like politeness welling from the lips of unsuspicion.

"Yes, sir. I am traveling from this place where I have spent a few days, to Bombay, where my business is."

"How did you know King sahib is on the train?" King asked him, smiling so genially that even the police could not have charged him with more than curiosity.

"By telegram, sir. My brother had the misfortune to miss Captain King sahib at Peshawar and therefore sent a telegram to me asking me to do what I can at an interview."

"I see," said King. "I see." And judging by the sparkle in his eyes as he looked away, he could see a lot. But the native could not see his eyes at that instant, although he tried to.

He looked back at the train, giving the man a good chance to study his face in profile.

"See that carriage?" he asked, pointing. "The fourth first-class carriage from the end? Well—there are only two of us in there; I'm Major Hyde, and the other is Captain King. I'll tell Captain King to look out for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the native oilily. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

King nodded good-by to his dark eyes in the shadow of the khaki helmet seeming scarcely interested any longer. "Couldn't you find another berth?" Hyde asked him angrily when he stepped back into the compartment.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the native oilily. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

King followed him through a door that slammed tight behind him on rubber jambas.

"Sit down!"

The general unlocked a steel drawer and began to rummage among the papers in it. In a minute he produced a package, bound in rubber bands, with a faded photograph face upward on the top.

"That's the woman! How d'you like the look of her?" asked an acid

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own way, that was devils and like string of miracles—he filtered toward the telegraph office. The native who had followed him all this time drew closer, but he did not let himself be troubled by that.

He whispered proof of his identity to the telegraph clerk, who was a Royal engineer, new to that job that morning, and a sealed telegram was handed to him at once. Because it was wartime, and the censorship had closed on India like a throttling string, it was not in code. So the Mirza Ali, of the Fort, Bombay, to whom it was addressed, could be expected to read between the lines.

Cattle intended for slaughter, dispatched: Bombay on Fourteen down. Meet train Will be inspected en route, but should be dealt with carefully on arrival. Cattle inclined to stampede owing to bad scare received north of Delhi. Take all precautions and notify Abdul.

SULIMAN.

"Good!" he chuckled. "Let's hope we get Abdul too. I wonder who he is!"

Still uninterested in the man who shadowed him, he walked back to the office window and wrote two telegrams; one to Bombay, ordering the arrest of Ali Mirza of the Fort, with an urgent admonition to discover who his man Abdul might be, and to seize him as soon as found; the other to the station in the north, insisting on close confinement for Suliman.

That being all the urgent business, he turned leisurely to face his shadow, and the native met his eyes with the engaging frankness of an old friend, coming forward with outstretched hand. They did not shake hands, but the man made a signal with his fingers that is known to not more than a dozen men in all the world, and that changed the situation altogether.

"Walk with me," said King, and the man fell into stride beside him.

He was a Rangar—which is to say a Rajput who, or whose ancestors had turned Mohammedan. Like many Rajputs he was not a big man, but he looked fit and wiry; his head scarcely came above the level of King's chin, although his turban distracted attention from the fact. The turban was of silk and unusually large.

The whitest of well-kept teeth, gleaming regularly under a little black waxed mustache betrayed no trace of treachery or other nastiness. King was not so sure that the eyes were brown, and he changed his opinion about their color a dozen times within the hour. Once he would even have sworn they were green.

The man was a regular Rangar dandy, of the type that can be seen playing polo almost any day at Mount Abu—that gets into mischief with a grace due to practice and heredity—



"I Have a Message for You."

but that does not manage its estates too well, as a rule, nor pay its debts in a hurry.

"My name is Rewa Gunga," he said in a low voice. "I have a message for you."

"From whom?"

"From her!" said the Rangar, and without exactly knowing why, or being pleased with himself, King felt ex- cited.

They were walking toward the station exit. King had a trunk check in his hand, but returned it to his pocket, not proposing just yet to let the Rangar overhear instructions regarding the trunk's destination; he was too good-looking and too overbearing with personal charm to be trusted thus early in the game. Besides, there was that captured knife, that hinted at lies and treachery. Secret signs as well as loot have been stolen before now.

"I'd like to walk through the streets and see the crowd."

He smiled as he said that, knowing well that the average young Rajput of good birth would rather fight a tiger with cold steel than walk a mile or two. He drew fire at once.

"Why walk, King sahib? Are we animals? There is a carriage waiting—her carriage—and a coachman whose ears were born dead. We might be overheard in the street. Are you and I children, tossing stones into a pool to watch the ripples widen?"

"Lend on, then," answered King.

Outside the station was a luxuriously modern Victoria, with C springs and rubber tires, with horses that would have done credit to a vice-roy. The Rangar motioned King to get in first, and the moment they were both seated the Rajput coachman set th-

horses to going like the wind. Rewa Gunga opened a jeweled cigarette case.

"Will you have one?" he asked with the air of royalty entertaining a blood- equal.

King accepted a cigarette for politeness' sake and took occasion to admire the man's slender wrist, that was doubtless hard and strong as woven steel, but was not much more than half the thickness of his own. One of the questions that occurred to King that minute was why this well-bred youngster whose age he guessed at twenty-two or so had not turned his attention to the army.

"My height?"

The man had read his thoughts!

"Not quite tall enough. Besides, you are a soldier, are you not? And do you fight?" Then, after a minute of rather strained silence: "My message is from her."

"From Yasmine?"

"Who else?"

King accepted the rebuke with a little inclination of the head. He spoke as little as possible, because he was puzzled. He had become conscious of a puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes and it only added to his problem if the Rangar found in him something inexplicable. The West can only get the better of the East when the East is too cock-sure.

"She has jolly well gone North," said the Rangar suddenly, and King shut his teeth with a snap. He sat bolt upright, and the Rangar allowed him self to look amused.

"She has often heard of you," he said.

"I've heard of her," said King.

"Of course! Who has not? She has desired to meet you, sahib, ever since she was told you are the best man in your service."

King grunted, thinking of the knife beneath his shirt. Again, it was as if the Rangar read a part of his thoughts, if not all of them. It is not difficult to counter that trick, but to do it a man must be on his guard, or the East will know what he has thought and what he is going to think, as many have discovered when it was too late.

"Her men are able to protect any body's life from any God's number of assassins, whatever may lead you to think the contrary. From now forward your life is in her men's keeping!"

"Very good of her, I'm sure," King murmured. He was thinking of the general's express order to apply for a "passport" that would take him into Khinjan caves—mentally cursing the necessity for asking any kind of favor—and wondering whether to ask this man for it or wait until he should meet Yasmine. The Rangar answered his thoughts again as if he had spoken them aloud.

"She left this with me, saying I am to give it to you! I am to say that wherever you wear it, between here and Afghanistan, your life shall be safe and you may come and go!"

King stared. The Rangar drew a bracelet from an inner pocket and held it out. It was a wonderful barbaric thing of pure gold, big enough for a grown man's wrist, and old enough to have been hammered out in the very womb of time. It looked almost like ancient Greek, and it fastened with a hinge and clasp that looked as if they did not belong to it and might have been made by a not very skillful modern jeweler.

"Won't you wear it?" asked Rewa Gunga, watching him. "It will prove a true talisman! What was the name of the Johnny who had a lamp to rub Aladdin? It will be better than what he had! He could only command a lot of bogies. This will give you authority over flesh and blood! Take it, sahib!"

So King put it on, letting it slip up his sleeve out of sight—with a sensation as the snap closed of putting handcuffs on himself. But the Rangar looked relieved.

"That is your passport, sahib! Show it to a hillman whenever you suppose yourself in danger. The Raj might go to pieces, but while Yasmine lives—

"Her friends will boast about her, I suppose!"

King finished the sentence for him because it is not considered good form for natives to hint at possible dissolution of the Anglo-Indian government. Everybody knows that the British will not govern India forever, but the British—who know it best of all, and work to that end most fervently—are the only ones encouraged to talk about it.

For a few minutes after that Rewa Gunga held his peace, while the carriage swayed at breakneck speed through the swarming streets. King, watching and saying nothing, did not believe, for a second the lame explanation Yasmine had left behind. She must have some good reason for wishing to be first up the Khyber, and he was very sorry indeed she had slipped away. It might be only jealousy, yet why should she be jealous?

It was the next remark of the Rangar's that set him entirely on his guard, and thenceforward whoever could have read his thoughts would have been more than human. He had known of that thought-reading trick ever since his ayah (native nurse) taught him to lisp Hindustani; just as surely he knew that its impudent use was intended to sap his belief in himself.

"I bet you a hundred dials," said the Rangar, "that she decided to be there first and get control of the situation! She's slippery, and quick, and like all women, she's jealous!"

The Rangar's eyes were on his, but King was not to be caught again. It is quite easy to think behind a fence, to speak, if one gives attention to it.

"She will be busy presently fooling those Afrits," he continued, waving a cigarette. "She's fooled them always, to the limit of their bad bent. Yasmine plays her own game, for

amusement and power—a good game—a deep game! You have seen already how India has to ask her aid in the Hills!"

"She loves power, power, power—not for its name, for names are nothing, but to use it."

"How long have you known her?" asked King.

The Rangar eyed him sharply.

"A long time. She and I played together when we were children. It is because she knows me very well that she chose me to travel North with you, when you start to find her in the Hills!"

King cleared his throat, and the Rangar nodded, looking into his eyes with the engaging confidence of a child who never has been refused anything, in or out of reason. King made no effort to look pleased.

Just then the coachman took a last corner at a gallop and drew the horses up on their haunches at a door in a high white wall. Rewa Gunga sprang out of the carriage before the horses were quite at a standstill.

"Here we are!" he said, and King noticed that the street curved here so that no other door and no window overlooked this one.

He followed the Rangar, and he was no sooner into the shadow of the door than the coachman lashed the horses and the carriage swung out of view.

"This way," said the Rangar over his shoulder. "Come!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was a musty smelling entrance, so dark that to see was scarcely possible after the hot glare outside. Dimly King made out Rewa Gunga mounting stairs to the left and followed him. When he guessed himself two stories at least above road level, there was a sudden blaze of reflected light and he blinked at more mirrors than he could count. Curtains were reflected in each mirror, and little glowing lamps, so cunningly arranged that it was not possible to guess which were real and which were not. King stood still.

Then suddenly, as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people, a little nut-brown maid parted the middle pair of curtains and said "Salam!" smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelain. King looked scarcely interested and not at all disturbed.

Rewa Gunga hurried past him, thrusting the little maid aside, and led the way. King followed him into a long room, whose walls were hung with richer silks than any he remembered to have seen. In a great wide window to one side some twenty women began at once to make twenty music. Silken punkahs swung from chains, wafting back and forth a cloud of sandalwood smoke that veiled the whole scene in mysterious, scented mist.

"Be welcome!" laughed Rewa Gunga; "I am to do the honors, since she is not here. Be seated, sahib."

King chose a divan at the room's farthest end, near tall curtains that led into rooms beyond. He turned his back toward the reason for his choice. On a little ivory-inlaid ebony table about ten feet away lay a knife, that was almost the exact duplicate of the one inside his shirt. He could sense hushed expectancy on every side—could feel the eyes of many women fixed on him—and began to draw on his guard as a fighting man draws on armor. There and then he deliberately set himself to resist mesmerism, which is the East's chief weapon.

"Never mind," he told Ismail. "It is no matter. It is ever well to think twice before speaking once, for thus mistakes die stillborn. Only the monkey-folk thrive on quick answers—is it not so? Thou art a man of many inches—of theew and sihew—he, but thou art a man! If the heart within those great ribs of thine is true as thine arms are strong I shall be fortunate to have thee for a servant!"

"Aye!" said the Afrit. "But what are words? She has said I am thy servant, and to hear her is to obey!"

"Then, take me a telegram!" said King.

He began to write at once on a half-sheet of paper that he tore from a letter he had in his pocket, transposing into cypher as he went along.

Yasmine has gone North. Is there any reason at your end why I should not follow her at once?

He addressed it in plain English to his friend the general at Peshawar, and handed it to Ismail, directing him carefully to a government office where the cypher signature would be recognized and the telegram given precedence.

Ismail stalked off with it, striding like Moses down from Sinai—hook-nose—hawk-eye—flowing beard—dignity and all, and King settled down to guard himself against the next attempt on his sovereign self-command.

Now he chose to notice the knife on the ebony table as if he had not seen it before. He got up and reached for it and brought it back, turning it over and over in his hand.

"A strange knife," he said.

"Yes—from Khinjan caves!" said Rewa Gunga, and King eyed him as one would eyes another.

"What makes you say it is from Khinjan?"

"She brought it from Khinjan caves herself! There is another knife that matches it, but that is not here. That bracelet you now wear, sahib, is from Khinjan caves too! She has the secret of the caves!"

"I have heard that the Heart of the Hills is there," King answered. "Is the Heart of the Hills a treasure house?"

Rewa Gunga laughed.

"Ask her, sahib! Perhaps she will tell you! Perhaps she will let you see! Who knows? She is a woman of resource and unexpectedness—let her women dance for you a while!"

King nodded. Then he got up and laid the knife back on the little table. A minute or so later he noticed that a sign from Rewa Gunga a woman left the great window place and spirited the knife away.

"May I have a sheet of paper?" he asked, for he knew that another fight for his self-command was due.

Rewa Gunga gave an order, and a maid brought scented paper on a silver tray. He drew out his own fountain pen, and since his one object was to give his brain employment, he wrote down a list of the names he had memorized in the train on the journey from Peshawar, not thinking of a use to the list until he had finished. Then, though, a real use occurred to him.

While he began to write more than a dozen dancing women swept into the room from behind the silk hangings in a concerted movement that was all the slumberous grace. Wood-wind music called to them from the great deep window. They began to chant, still dreamily, and with the chant the dance began, in and out, round and round, lazily, ever so lazily, wreathed in buoyant gossamer that was scarcely more solid than the sandalwood smoke they wafted into rings.

King watched them and listened to their chant until he began to recognize the strain on the eye muscles that precedes the mesmeric spell. Then he wrote and read what he had written and wrote again.

"What have you written?" asked a quiet voice at his ear; and he turned to look straight in the eyes of Rewa Gunga, who had leaned forward to rest over his shoulder. Just for one second he hovered on the brink of quick defeat. Having escaped the Sylla of the dancing women, Charly did wait for him in the shape of eyes that were pools of hot mystery. It was the sound of his own voice that brought him back to the world again and saved his will for him unbonded.

"Read it, won't you?" he laughed. "If you know, take this pen and mark the names of whichever of those men are still in Delhi."

Rewa Gunga took pen and paper and set a mark against some thirty of the names, for King had a manner that defied refusal.

King began to watch the dance again, for it did not feel safe to look too long into the Rangar's eyes. It was not wise just then to look too long at anything or to think too long on any one subject.

"Ismail is slow about returning," said the Rangar.

"I wrote at the foot of the tar," said King, "that they are to detain him there until the answer comes."

The Rangar's eyes blazed for a second and then grew cold again, as King did not fail to observe. All this while the women danced on, in time to wailing flute music, until it seemed from nowhere, a lover woman than any of them appeared in their midst, sitting cross-legged with a flat basket at her knees. She sat with arms raised and swayed from the waist as if in a delirium. Her arms moved in narrowing circles, higher and higher above the basket lid, and the lid began to rise. It was minutes before the bodies of two great king cobras could be made out, moving against the woman's spangled dress with hoods raised, hissing the cobra's hate song that is prevalent to the poison-death.

They struck at the woman, one after the other, and she leaped out of their range, swift and as supple as they. Instantly then she joined in the dance, with the snakes striking right and left at her. Left and right she swayed to avoid them, far more gracefully than a matador avoids the bull and courting a deadlier peril than he—polite.

"To hear is to obey!" boomed Ismail, bowing; but his last glance was for Rewa Gunga, and he did not turn to go until he had met the Rangar's eyes.

When Ismail had gone striding down the room King looked into the Rangar's eyes with that engaging frankness of his that disarms so many people.

"Then you'll be on the train to-night?" he asked.

"To hear is to obey! With pleasure, sahib?"

"Then good-by until this evening."

King bowed very civilly and walked out, rather unsteadily because his head ached. Probably nobody else, except the Rangar, could have guessed what an ordeal he had passed through or how near he had been to losing self-command.

In the street he found a gharry after a while and drove to his hotel. And before Ismail came he took a stroll through a bazaar, where he made a few strange purchases. In the hotel lobby he invested in a leather bag with a good lock, in which to put them. Later on Ismail came and proved himself an efficient body-servant.

That evening Ismail carried the leather bag and found his place on the train, and that was not so difficult, because the trains running North were nearly empty, although the platforms were all crowded. As he stood at the carriage door with Ismail near him, a man named Saunders slipped through the crowd and sought him out.

**October Bargain Month
FOR
The Crittenden Record Press
(Your home newspaper)
-AND-**

The Evansville Courier

The great daily newspaper.

The Crittenden Record Press

Weekly, One Year

The Evansville Courier

Daily, One Year by Mail

Both For \$4.50

This Rate Only During October.

Send your subscription and your name either to the Crittenden Record Press or to the Evansville Courier. Brighten the long, dark, winter days by the weekly visit of the Crittenden Record Press and the daily visit of The Courier.

If Sunday is desired add \$2.00

Following a Brutal Example

On another page will be found American newspaper comments upon the decision reached by Great Britain and France to retaliate on their enemy by the dropping of bombs on defenseless women and children in Germany in return for similar brutalities practiced by Germany. It is quite human to yield to a feeling of resentment and yet, human as it is to adopt retaliation is none the less INHUMAN, and it is to be regretted that the allies have, by adopting an indefensible course, surrendered their protest against a policy that has brought upon Germany the censure of the civilized world. The logic with which the allies attempt to defend this proposed action will not stand the light of history. Future generations will blush to read that BOTH sides resorted to the deliberate murder of innocent women and children. "They did it first" will lose its power to soothe the conscience when the passions of war have cooled and reason resumed her sway. It is a false logic which could be used just as well to excuse the mutilation of prisoners or the use of submarines against passenger ships.

If the example of Germany, instead of being denounced as infamous, is to be followed, we shall lose a normal argument which has been of great value in strengthening the purpose of the American people and which has made it easier for German-Americans to divorce their sympathies from the fatherland. It is most unfortunate that this moral argument can no longer be used, it is a distinct loss that will far outweigh an advantage to be gained by imitation of a form of cruelty so revolting.

W. J. BRYAN.

C. S. NUNN

Attorney at Law
MARION, KENTUCKY
Post Office Building.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

Sept. 17, 1917.

Dear Mr. Jenkins:

I am somewhere in England and I can't tell you where, we of the gospel among all who expect to leave here tomorrow for have ever preached at Dunn Springs. He possesses a wonderful command of language and he can picture out the glory of Christ and His kingdom in a most picturesque manner. The

Right Place.

"Really, Kate," said the young man in considerable agitation. "I am very sorry I lost my head and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family." "Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "if you ever feel any more such attacks coming on, you had better come right here where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you." —New York Times.

Mr. Jenkins the home gang seems rather reluctant in writing to me, would be more than



Mrs. J. D. Threlkeld was a delightful hostess to a party given Thursday afternoon.

Victrola music was enjoyed by the guests and a cat contest was engaged in later, which caused quite a good deal of merriment.

A delicious salad course of chicken salad, fruit salad, sandwiches, and coffee was served.

Mrs. Threlkeld's hospitality included a few of her neighbors and friends—Messamuses Mrs. Evans and daughter Eaire, J. F. Asher, S. M. Jenkins, Jno. A. her, Guss Taylor, Rose Williams, G. C. Gray, Jno. Blue, R. F. Dorr, and Elizabeth Finley.

DISTRESSING NEWS

RECEIVED HERE

Little Miss Katherine White Operated on in New York Hospital

The friends of the Woods and White families here were greatly shocked and grieved beyond expression at the receipt of a telegram Tuesday bringing the distressing news that little Miss Katherine White had been operated on removing one of her lower limbs. She rallied from the operation and is doing as well as could be expected for one of her youth. She is about twelve years old, and was taken with a serious and mysterious ailment in one of her limbs soon after her return to her home in Helena, Ark., after spending the usual summer vacation here with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David Woods.

Her parents consulted her physician who advised that she be taken at once to St. Louis, which was done. The specialists there passed the case up to Mayo Bros. of Rochester, Minn., and she was hurriedly taken there, only to find that those great surgeons declined to remove the limb but said it might be saved under the radium treatment given only by an eminent New York specialist. Her parents took her there on the first train and it was thought her system and great vitality was responding to the treatment but it was discovered only Monday that the limb could not be saved.

Birthday Gathering.

J. H. Price always attends church at Union every 2nd Sunday and usually invites someone to take dinner with him. But on last Sunday, Oct. 14th, 1917, his relatives assembled at his home in his absence. When he and his son returned from church and saw so many people in the yard, he threw up his hands in astonishment and said, "Send for more, not enough here." After greeting his guests with a warm hand-shake, rushed to the dining room, there he saw a long table heavily laden with everything that was nice and good to eat, and a chair full of nice presents. His heart was too filled with gratitude for any expressions except a few big tears, and a look of love to his dear wife, who had planned and prepared such a delightful dinner, a complete surprise to celebrate his fifty-second birthday.

Those present were: H. H. Clark and family, O. G. Threlkeld and family, Mrs. L. L. Price and daughters, Misses Lena and Ethel; Mrs. P. J. Gilles and sons, Cloyd, Elza and Eugene; J. H. Nelson and wife, John Grimes and wife, Oren Threlkeld, wife and baby; F. M. Eaton and wife, Bro. T. C. Carter and Mr. Morrison.

The afternoon was spent socially with good music and singing, the last song being "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and prayer by O. G. Threlkeld.

We all left feeling we had spent a pleasant day, with many praises and compliments to Mrs. Price.

—A Guest.

School Fair Program.

The teachers of Division number 2 have added to the School Fair Program the following articles.

Best dozen ears of corn, best dozen Irish potatoes, best dozen sweet potatoes, best dozen apples, best dozen winter pears, best stalk of tobacco, best pint of sorghum molasses, best half dozen heads of broom corn.

Homer Davidson, Pres.
Emma Terry, Secy.

City Tax Notice.

City Taxes are now due. The penalty will come on in a few days. So come and settle.

G. E. BOSTON,

Oct. 1st, 1917.

members of the Dunn Springs church are well pleased with the services which he has rendered.

Hebron school is progressing nicely under its able and efficient teacher, Homer Davidson, who seems to be a fine young gentleman and who is conscientiously endeavoring to teach his school in the right manner. It is impossible for any teacher to maintain perfect discipline among a gang of lusty, red-blooded children; but Mr. Davidson is coming about as near doing such a thing as can be reasonably expected of him. —A visitor.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

• WILLIAMS' FILE OINTMENT •
For Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles.
For sale by all druggists, mail \$1.00.
WILLIAMS MFG. CO., P. O. Box 100, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sold by J. H. Orme

83 American Jews

Escaped From Palestine.

New York, Oct. 10.—Eighty-American Jews who because of war were unable to leave Palestine until relief organizations in this country secured the assistance of the state department arrived here today. They were four months on the way.

WAR TAX

Dates on Which Taxes in the Revenue Bill Becomes Effective.

Washington, Oct. 6th. — The dates on which taxes in the revenue bill become effective follows. The income taxes and war excess profits taxes apply to the calendar year 1917, except in the cases of corporations having a fixed fiscal year. Returns must be made upon these taxes by March 1, 1918, and the tax paid before June 1, 1918.

The increase to three cent letter postage and two-cent postal cards goes into effect Nov. 1st. The increased postal rates on second class matter becomes effective July 1, 1918.

There are no new taxes on tea, coffee or sugar, but taxes upon many articles of common use—perfumes, jewelry, chewing gum, films, pills, powder, etc.—are effective at once.

The taxes on admissions to amusements, shows, etc., are effective Nov. 1st, next.

Stamp taxes on legal instruments, etc., Dec. 1st, next, and the same on foreign passage tickets.

Additional tax on playing cards effective at once. Tax on club dues, Nov. 1st, next.

Inheritance taxes are effective at once, as are the liquor taxes. The tobacco taxes become effective thirty days after passage.

Taxes on freight, express, passenger fares, parlor and sleeping car accommodations, new life insurance policies, Nov. 1st, next.

A tax of five cent on telegraph and telephone messages costing more than fifteen cents each becomes effective Nov. 1st.

Notice To Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of C. E. Humphrey, Deed., will present same to me at my office properly proven as required by law, on or before the 15th, day of October 1917, or same will be barred.

D. A. Lowry, Commissioner, Crittenden Circuit Court.

Princeton Presbytery.

Princeton presbytery of the Cumberland presbyterian church met with the Flat Lick church near Lafayette, Ky., Oct. 9, 1917. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring moderator, Rev. J. H. King from the tenth chapter of John 23, to 30th verse.

Elder Darius Dyer of Princeton was elected moderator. Rev. J. W. Styles of Chattanooga Presbytery was received into the

presbytery by letter. Rev. Hugh S. McCord of Obion presbytery and Rev. T. Ashburn of Knoxville were with us and rendered valuable assistance as advisory members.

On Wednesday Rev. Hugh S. McCord preached to an audience of men out in the yard. His subject was tithing, his text Prov. 3: 9-19. The sermon was the most forcible and convincing it has ever been my privilege to hear on the subject. The entire audience seemed to be convinced of the fact that tithing is the Lord's method of raising funds for the Lord's work. At the close of the sermon twenty five men came forward and gave their names and said they were going to begin tithing.

At the same hour Rev. T. C. Newman preached to a crowd of women and children, his text being Job 12: 8. Rev. Ashburn administered the sacrament. At two o'clock Rev. Ashburn addressed the Presbytery in the interest of the Sunday School and Young Peoples work. Bro. Ashburn is a very forcible speaker and an enthusiast in the Sunday school work. He is the field man for the Board of Sunday schools and Young Peoples work and Bro. McChord is the field man for the tithing board. They certainly are the right men in the right places. Come again brethren.

The ladies of the Missionary society rendered a beautiful program Wednesday evening after which a collection of \$17 was taken for Missions.

We certainly enjoyed our stay among the good people of Flat Lick and hope to meet with them again some time.

The next presbytery will meet at Providence next spring.

FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell at private sale my farm 160 acres situated 4 miles north west of Hampton, 5 room house, stock barn reasonably well fenced, 4 acre orchard 45 acres virgin timber, pond of never failing water, Good Hope school and church 1 mile, 115 acres to cultivate next year. Price \$20.00 per acre.

George Twitchell.

Joy, Ky.

Hampton phone. 10-11-31.

Franklin, Robert Hamilton, Watts Franklin and Clovia Hamilton.

Soon after supper was over, Mr. and Mrs. Springs drove to their home near Hebron.

The Record-Press extends congratulations and offers good wishes for a long and happy life.

Take Notice.

There is an ordinance against these cutouts and cars keeping up such a noise, also running with out lights. This is the last notice, so if you don't want to pay a fine you had better heed this notice.

This Means All.

G. E. Boston,
City Marshall.

Uncle Sam Needs 10,000 Stenographers and typewriters at once.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 1917. Now that Uncle Sam has the young men of the country in training for military service, he finds that he needs 10,000 typewriter operators and stenographers and typewriters, both men and women, for the Departments at Washington. The Civil Service Commission has notified all of its 3,000 boards of examiners that they should put forth their best efforts to secure these urgently needed workers. While examinations are now held weekly in 430 cities, the Commission states that arrangements will be made to have on examination held at any accessible place where a small class of applicants can be secured. The entrance salaries range from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year. Promotion is reasonably rapid to those whose services prove satisfactory. No appointment can be made to these or other positions in Federal classified civil service unless authorized by the Civil Service Commission under the civil service law. Any information to the contrary is unauthorized. This is a splendid opportunity to serve your country. Full information may be secured from the secretary of the board of civil service examiners at the post office in your city.

NOTICE.

All Magazines Periodicals and Papers are to advance. Special prices for next 30 days.

MARION NEWS AGENCY,
Belt & Grubbs, Props.

Oct. 10th, 1917.

Two Jersey Cows And One Heifer For Sale

We have two cows and one heifer left over from the sale of Jersey cows made on county court day, which we will sell to the highest and best bidder on six months credit next Saturday Oct. 20th at 1 o'clock.

Marion Bank, by J. W. Blue.
Farmers Bank, O. S. Denney.

COPPERAS SPRING

Rev. F. L. McDowell being ill, his appointment at Piney Fork was filled by Rev. S. B. McNeely. A good crowd was present and an interesting time was reported.

A very unique debate was held at Copperas Spring schoolhouse Tuesday evening Oct. 9th. The subject being, Resolved: "That I'd Rather Have A Clean-Haired Woman Than A Dirty Good-natured One." Rev. S. B. McNeely affirmed and Herman Boucher denied. The object of the debate was to get the people of the surrounding neighborhoods together in order to organize a moonlight school. The end justified the means and the first session of school will open to all who wish to attend, Tuesday evening, Oct. 23rd. Let's come one and all and make this school of mutual benefit.

Miss Annie Laura Howerton, a young little lady of Repton, visited Misses Ethel and Ora Gass last weekend.

Ralph Horning has just returned home from a visit to his uncle, Marvin Horning, of Harrisburg, Ill.

Miss Ethel Cannon, of Creswell, is spending the week with her aunt, Mrs. S. N. Walker.

One of Ed Hunt's little boys is quite ill at this writing.

SWEET CLOVER SEED.

Large white variety, 12¢ cents per pound. H. N. Lamb, 104 Main, Tribune, Ky.